

# MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN



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## AGRICULTURAL.

### A Good Fruit Year.

All the present indications promise an abundant fruit crop in all parts of this country, with such exceptions as occur every season through local storms, blight and late frosts. There were after the storm a week ago reports that great injury had been done to fruit by freezing of the blossoms, but we do not credit these sensational reports. Even if frosts occur when trees are in bloom there are always enough buds protected by leaves or belated in opening to make a good crop, often better than if all the blossoms had set, as it requires less thinning. If nature would always use discretion in these matters man might well trust her to do all the thinning of fruit that is needed. But she does not use discretion; in some places she nips all the buds while in others she leaves the blossoms on fruit trees to set in profusion, and begins the thinning process after the fruit approaches the time for forming its seeds, and when the strength of the tree has been partially exhausted.

Such is nature's profusion that she makes many blossoms that are never anything more than blossoms. These are like the little babes that bless homes that were hideously cheerless and joyless, but after they depart they are sorely missed until later blossoms come in the family to take their place. But even blossoms have their use. All fruit blossoms are fragrant, each with a fragrance peculiar to itself, but hardly suggestive of what the fruit would have left to perfect itself on the tree.

Dropping this little allegory for more practical discourse we repeat what was said before, that we are likely to have a generally favorable season, and an abundant fruit harvest in all parts of the country. In very few places last winter was the cold sufficient to destroy dormant buds, protected as most northern localities were by the blankets of snow which kept the trees from being injured by deep freezing of the soil. Sudden blasts of cold winds originating in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains, and sweeping southward down the Rio Grande or Mississippi rivers, have been turned eastward across the States bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. These have destroyed more fruit in the much severer cold in the Northern States, where fruit buds were generally not far enough advanced to be injured. It has come to be generally recognized of late years that the North is the best locality for growing even such tender fruits as the peach. Our friend and frequent correspondent, J. H. Hale of Connecticut and Georgia, who successfully grows peaches in both sections, finds that the Northern peach orchards are, on the whole, more sure to produce a full crop than those grown in Georgia. Even if he were farther south in Florida, he could not always hope, except in limited localities, to escape the freezing that destroys trees in full bloom.

It is of the greatest national and even international importance that this country should this year produce as large a crop and as good a crop of all kinds as it can. Within the last year or two the whole of Europe has learned to look to the United States for its supplies of the best fruit and we can continue to produce it, this large demand that has already been created will take of the surplus that is sometimes so great when it does not exist that good fruit has often been allowed to rot on the trees as not being worth marketing. The price will be enough higher than in years of depression to assure that all the best fruit will be marketed at paying prices to the fruit grower. The railroads will find it to their interest to provide cars for the safe transportation of fruit, and the middleman will be obliged to sell more fruit for the same profit that he now gets from selling a little after deducting the losses that he often suffers by trying to keep perishable commodities too long.

In short the good fruit season which nature now seems to promise is likely to be a prosperous year for business and for everybody. Old farmers have a saying that a good year for fruit means a good year for everything else, for grain, corn and other field crops and also for grass and hay. When nature is lavish she scatters her favors widely, so that all may be happy, as all should be. They also say that a good fruit year is good for all kinds of business as the fruit crop always even at low prices brings better returns per acre than any other that the farmer can grow. This money from the farm makes money plentiful in cities, so that in the end it reaches all. But some unfortunate pessimist may ask,

years. The ewes shear a fleece of 8½ pounds, and the increase of the flock has been from 120 to 170 per cent. annually. They do better in flocks of about 25 than in larger flocks, partly because the farmer grows to know each one more intimately, and takes better care to keep them thriving. There are too many sheep kept in pastures too large for the flock. Upon their lot of 5½ acres the grass is fed very closely every day, but in favorable weather it often grows a half inch in a night, and this short grass is sweet and nutritious.

The rape plant is just the plant for fall feeding of sheep, but it is not a plant for poor soil. Rye grass should be grown for sheep feeding, as the sheep do better on them

unoccupied houses during that five weeks, and it would have been better if it had hung six weeks. Five weeks is the shortest time mention should be kept before it is eaten. If that carcass had laid on a table it would have spoiled in 48 hours, and if two had been hanging together it would spoil right away. The back yard would be the best place to keep a carcass if one could be sure of finding it in the morning. It got mouldy it would do no harm. This would disappear when it was taken to the sun. It could not be kept so in summer because of flies, but it could be kept from November to April in fresh air and be sweet all the time. In the whole carcass there was but 1½ pounds of waste, all held

a draught. In starting a flock great care should be taken to get good ewes. Every one should be a selected ewe, but not necessarily a high-priced one.

There is no best breed excepting the best for the locality. The Maine Island sheep are best for the Maine Islands, and he named others for other places, but advised them to avoid the Leicester and Cotswold unless they can be got under cover at every shower. For a poor man a flock of native ewes are better than any others. Put a pure-blood ram with them, select the best lambs, feed well, and there will soon be a good flock. Do not start a flock by buying of a dealer, as there is liability of getting disease in the whole flock. Last year whole

sheep, and we have proved it so by experience.

### MILLET.

Hungarian grass or millet should not be put in this month, but as the ground cannot be too thoroughly worked before the seed is sown, it should be plowed this month and then it can be harrowed two or three times before the seed is sown. These crops like good strong land, and as such land is apt to develop more weeds than would come on the land which we would take for the corn fodder, the several harrowings at intervals of a week will serve a double purpose, of killing the weeds as they begin to germinate, and fitting the soil for a seed bed. We have seen good results from these crops sown as early as June 1 in Rhode Island, and as late as July 10 in Massachusetts. We think the German millet is now thought the best for hay, and it does not need seeding as heavily as the other or as Hungarian grass, three pecks of it being enough for an acre, while we used four to five pecks of Hungarian seed. Millet is not good hay as a continuous feed for horses, but does well for cows.

### OATS, PEAS AND BARLEY.

Oats and peas make good hay for any stock, and may be put in this month, sowing the peas broadcast and plowing them down about three inches, then about a week later sowing the oats and harrowing them in. In this way both will be ready to eat at the same time, or when the oats are in the milk and the peas are green. Barley and oats are often sown together for a hay crop, but they do not need to be sown so early. That is, they will do well sown at any time from May to September, the later sowings being intended to be fed green rather than for hay. We would not sow grass seed with any of these crops, preferring to sow it alone in August if the weather is favorable. Fields where the white wood or daisy has come in, wild carrot or other foul weeds, cannot have better treatment than to have some of these crops grown on them. Fertilize about as for fodder corn, excepting sowing broadcast and harrowing in.

### CORN AND POTATOES.

When it is about time for the corn and potatoes to break through the ground go over the field with a light harrow, not only to loosen the soil and break the crust if it has baked at all, but to kill all the little weeds that are starting on the surface and trying to get ahead of the crop planted. When they are up about two inches high repeat the harrowing, and continue it until it is time to use the cultivator between the rows. The harrow will not only save much labor in weed killing, but either crop will look as if it had had a fertilizing within 24 hours after the harrow went over it.

### GETTING TO PASTURE.

This month the cattle will be put in the pastures nearly throughout New England, and in some places they are already out. For those that are out now we do not worry unless the owners are trying to make them subsist entirely upon what they find there, but those who are waiting until the pastures get a better start will do well to remember that the change should be made gradually. Choose a pleasant, warm day, and give them a good feed in the morning, then let them in the pasture for a few hours and return them to the barn again, and feed at night as much as they will eat up clean. This should be the programme for the first week at least. There is not only danger from too sudden change of diet, but from lying down on the wet and cold ground, especially when the thawing snow keeps it wet and cold. Cases of pneumonia have very often resulted if the cow is fresh in milk, so that herudder is chilled by contact with the wet ground.

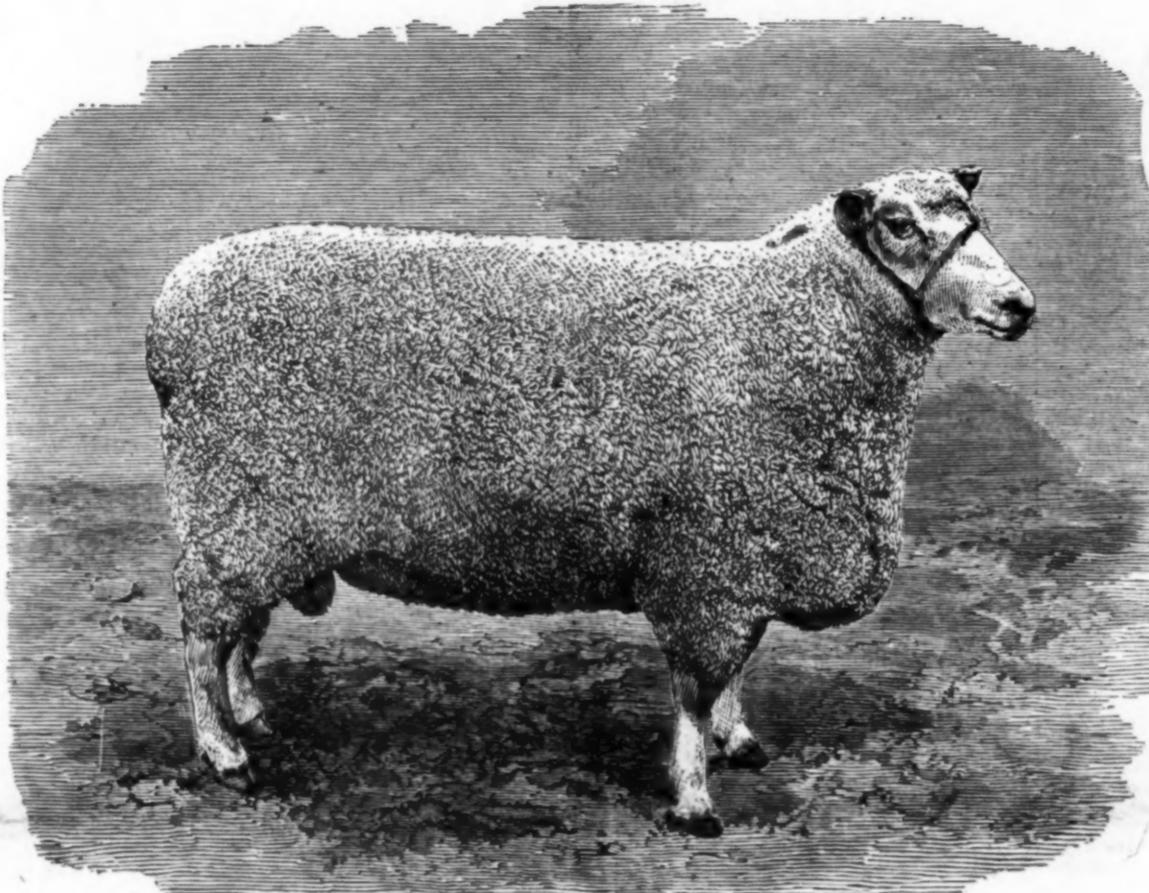
### War on the Forest Worm.

In the villages throughout central New York parties of school children go about daily examining the fruit trees in gardens and orchards. They break off and make bonfires of the tender twigs at the ends of the branches. They are destroying, by the only sure means known up to this time, the forest worms, which last year invaded the State in myriads, stripping the forest and fruit trees of foliage and almost ruining the apple crop in many regions.

How to preserve the trees from the ravages of these prolific and ravenous pests is a problem which has received much study, and the general conclusion is that the only sure way is to destroy them by fire as soon as they appear. None of the solutions or drenchings that ordinarily serve to protect trees from predatory insects avail against the forest worm. Nothing short of complete annihilation is effective against this pest.

Last fall the caterpillars, into which the forest worms were transformed, went to the trees, and at the very ends of the twigs they laid bands of eggs completely encircling them. The bands look for all the world like a circle of shoe-maker's wax. These bands are full of tiny holes, each of which contains an egg, and from these eggs the bands of forest worms are now hatching by millions and starting out to devour all the leaf and fruit buds they can reach.

In many places the boards of education and village officers have offered rewards to the school children, and prizes for the greatest number of worm rings destroyed by each. It is found that each little brown band around a twig contains about 200 worms, and it is these that the boys and girls are breaking off and making into bonfires to save the trees. In the village of Harkimer in the last two days the high school pupils have destroyed more than 2,000,000 forest worms. There is a contest as to who will kill the most, and more than 10,000 egg rings have been destroyed by the children among the village fruit trees.



ENGLISH WENSLEYDALE LONGWOOL RAM.

"How do you know that some untimely freeze may not entirely destroy all the present promise in blooming trees?" Well, no one can prophesy without securing the prophet's reward of a curse when some carpenter finds, or thinks he finds, that the prediction has not come true. But we rely much on the saying common among old farmers that a thunderstorm in the last days of February or in March means the breakup of winter. There was such an one last February, and though it was followed by some cold weather, caused by the sudden conversion of large bodies of snow into water in northern New England, it made great floods in all the rivers, and was only checked as the air was cooled to near the zero point by thawing a much snow and ice. A week ago we in Boston had another thunderstorm, with great outpouring of water at a temperature of 50° or higher. That also cooled the air the next day, but so much rain carried a great amount of heat into the soil and made a rapid growth of all vegetation. Tuesday night, May 8, Boston had another thunderstorm with vivid lightning and nearly an inch of rain, all of it warm and carrying more warmth into the soil. Two thunderstorms within a few days of each other in May mean in this latitude that all danger from freezing is past, and that an excellent fruit crop is assured for this year.

Nature has done and is doing her part. Now will man supplement nature and do his caring for this crop, so that when it is matured, it shall be his blessing and not his bane? It will require a great deal of hard work and skill as well to care for this fruit crop while it is growing, to thin what needs thinning, and to spray both with insecticides and fungicides wherever these are required.

A good year for fruit is always a year when weeds are hardest to kill, for God's blessing of rain, as was long ago said,

"falls upon both the just and the unjust," on the weed as on the more vicious crop which is often very good, but usually is

good even for its disease.

The speaker alluded to the demand by the summer visitors of the State for winter-raised lambs dropped in December or January, and thought that with a Dorset-Shropshire cross it would be possible to get a family so fixed that they would breed as to have lambs that would sell readily as for head.

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## POULTRY.

Practical Poultry Points. An exchange says that "on an average one cock to a dozen hens is sufficient." Possibly this is true, but it conveys about as much information to a beginner in the poultry business as it would to tell a shoemaker that a man of the average size wears a number nine boot and thereby lead him to manufacture that size for every one. There is a vast difference in the different breeds and often difference in individuals as much as in breeds, and this last difference depends upon feeding and care. While we have found one male sufficient for 10 to 15 Brahmans or others of the Asiatic breeds, one to 18 or 20 Plymouth Rocks and 20 to 25 Wyandottes, we think one Leghorn, Black Spanish or Minorca male would fertilize the eggs of 40 to 50 hens quite as well as he would if he had a less number. If he or the hens were kept too fat it might be necessary to reduce the number in either breed, and in the Asiatic or Rocks there might not be any or but few eggs fertile in such a case or where the birds had suffered from roup or any other disorder. While some would place the average number of hens to a cock lower than we do, we have had a good share of eggs fertile with the number we name in the different types, and others have succeeded with more hens to a male than we name, as in an instance we related some time ago of a party who had one male running with a little more than 100 hens on a farm where there was no other poultry within more than a mile, yet his hens hatched over or about 90 per cent. of all the eggs put under them. This doctrine of averages has been carried too far. If the average horse in the United States is worth \$37.40 per head, and the average cow \$29.66, this does not furnish any basis for the assessors of the city of Boston or of our surrounding towns to use in making up their tax lists.

We expect to see the time when poultry keepers who are in the business for profit will not think it desirable to get along without good incubators, any more than a market gardener would think of trying to get along without good hotbeds. It is what is started early and put on the market at a time when buyers are willing to pay liberal prices that both find their best profits. There may be some profit in the later crops or they may bring in only a fair compensation for labor, but the one who is successful in getting a good crop of vegetables or fruit, chickens or eggs at the season of scarcity will find his labor well rewarded. The man who keeps but a dozen or two of hens, or who has a quarter of an acre of garden, may get along without these helps, but he will not make his fortune in the business. His profit will be larger in having employment for his leisure hours, and in profiting from that which otherwise would require a cash outlay for his family.

It is certain that there is a considerable amount of sulphur in the egg, as any one would imagine who ever noticed the similarity of the odor from a sulphur spring and that from a decayed egg. But we never have been in the habit of feeding sulphur to fowl, and we do not know how much of sulphur they might have found in the foods we used or that which they picked up for themselves. Nor do we know if our eggs had as much of sulphur in them as others, and if they had not we do not know whether they would keep longer before decaying or if they would be more apt to be infertile. Having thus confessed our ignorance, if any one who has investigated any of these points can furnish us with information we should be glad to receive it for the benefit of our readers. We have dusted sulphur in the nests to drive away the insect pests, but never saw a hen try to pick up any of it, and think they have no craving for it, as animals have for salt, so we do not think it necessary to give it in the feed, but as some advise its occasional use, we would say it can be needed only in small quantities and only when hens are laying, and if their effects on them are similar to those it has on animals, care should be taken to guard against taking cold after it has been given.

Do not be afraid that the great packing houses will take all the profit out of the chicken-raising business. They are likely to handle a large number of chickens and other poultry grown in the Western States, and they are going so far toward getting better stock from these as to buy male birds or eggs to improve the breeds, and are furnishing them to the farmers on easy terms, or so it has been reported. This will undoubtedly stimulate the business there, and Eastern farmers must try to improve their poultry if they would keep up with them. We noticed last winter that better poultry in better condition and more neatly packed was sent from the West than was sent a few years ago, and in that favorable weather the price of Western poultry was very nearly the same as that of Eastern fresh killed. This was a decided improvement of conditions to dealers and the consumers, but was no damage to the Eastern growers that we could learn.

The better the quality of the receipts the larger the demand in our markets, but a demand from English markets is what those large firms are looking for, and the many large shipments which they sent abroad are but a beginning of the trade they hope for. They are more likely by foreign shipments to create a scarcity in our market than to overstock it by stimulating larger production in the West.

And do not stop hatching chickens now. If you have room for them. Hatch them every month in the year if you please. If they will not sell for 50 cents each as broilers or one or two pounds weight, keep them until they are worth 50 cents for roasting. Push them right along and keep them fat, and some one will want them. Broilers and roasters are in demand at Thanksgiving time, and from that later on. And they are not bad to have for home use at any season of the year, nor does it cost more to eat them than to eat salt pork now.

A writer in the Poultry Keeper describes a variety of turkey which is new to us, which he calls the Bourbon red, from having been domesticated mostly in Bourbon County, Ky. They are descendants of a wild turkey formerly common in Kentucky, Southern Iowa and Missouri and northern Arkansas. The prevailing color, of course, is red, with white wings and tail, with two narrow black stripes on the body feathers. He claims that they are a pure breed, resembling the bronz turkey in size, shape and weight, but more hardy, better layers, and less liable to wander from home. They are also heavier breasted than the bronze turkey. He says turkeys hatched in 1888 now weigh 36 pounds for gobble and 18 pounds for hen, while those hatched in 1899 weigh 25 pounds for gobble and 14 pounds for hen. These are good weights seldom equalled by the bronze turkey.



SHETLAND PONIES.

## Poultry and Game.

There is only a moderate trade in the poultry markets, and offerings are largely of fresh Western, although there is a moderate supply of Western feed. The supply of fresh killed is very light, and prices keep well up on choice lots. There are some roasting chickens that bring 10 to 18 cents a pound, but most of them go at 10 to 15 cents, with broilers at 18 to 20 cents and capons at 12 to 14 cents. Green ducks are 10 to 12 cents and geese 11 to 12 cents. Pows bring 12 cents for choice, with com meal to good at 10 to 11 cents. Pigeons are \$1.25 a dozen, and squabs from \$1.75 to \$2.50, according to size. Western feed stock is steady but low. Turkeys are 11 to 12 cents for choice hens and 9 to 10 cents for toms. Pows 10 cents for choice 9 to 9½ cents for fair to good and 7 to 7½ cents for old roasters. Ducks inferior in quality at 5 to 8 cents. Western frozen in small demand, 12 to 12½ cents for choice chickens and 10 to 11 cents for fair to good. Pows good to choice at 9½ to 10 cents. Turkeys 12½ cents for choice small, and others at 11 to 12 cents. Ducks at 10 to 12 cents and geese at 10 cents. Live poultry dull at 11 cents for fowl and 5½ to 6 cents for old roasters.

## HORTICULTURAL.

## Orchard and Garden.

The tents for the protection of orange trees, recently spoken of by our Florida correspondent, are made of six-ounce drill and five and one-third ounce sheeting. This is treated in six different baths to render it proof against mildew, fire, and the eating by insects. The cloth is then fitted to long ribs like an umbrella. A post with an arm reaching to the centre of the tree top is planted by the side of the tree, with the tent suspended in a roll from the point of the arm, so that it may be easily unrolled to enclose the whole tree, but in warm weather it is kept rolled close to the point of the post, and let down upon receipt of cold wave or frost signals from Washington. If more protection is needed it can be furnished by kerosene lamps inside the tent. The tents cost \$7.50 each, and will last four years with care, so that with oil it may cost about \$2 a year to protect a tree which may yield \$10 to \$15 worth of fruit. The factory at Titusville, Fla., is running day and night with a large force of girls, making these tents.

A correspondent of the Farmers' Advocate gives cost of spraying last year five acres of apple orchard, 250 trees that have been 20 years planted and are well grown. He sprayed them three times, using each time 11 barrels of 40 gallons each, Bordeaux mixture and Paris green. In the 33 barrels he used 132 pounds of copper sulphate at seven cents a pound, \$9.24; two bushels of lime, 40 cents; 82 pounds Paris green at 25 cents a pound; \$3.07; a cost for material of \$11.71, nearly 4½ cents per tree. It took three days labor of man and boy at each spraying, which is not as quick work as many claim to do, but we think would be

## How Will She End?

Just budding into womanhood, so fresh, so fair and fine that we turn to watch her as she passes, she trips along the street a picture of health and beauty. Among the passing crowd of worn and wrinkled women, she looks a being from another world. Will she ever be like them? Could they once have been as fair as she? No beauty can last under the strain and drain of female weakness, from which the majority of women suffer in a greater or less degree. They might preserve their fairness of face and form if they would cure the disastrous diseases which affect the womanly organs. Women are cured of such diseases by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It stops the enfeebled drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, cures bearing-down pains, strengthens the nervous system, and restores the general health. It contains no opium, cocaine or other narcotic.

It seldom proves profitable to set a young tree in an old orchard where a tree has died. The soil is apt to have been exhausted of some of the elements needed for tree growth. This might be supplied if one knew just what it was, but the young tree has to contend with the same causes that killed the old one. And it always seems that a young tree in an old orchard, or a young orchard set by the side of an old one, proves a special attraction for all the insects and fungous diseases that are in the old orchard. These may be fought against by use of spraying apparatus, and keeping the land well fertilized, but yet we think we would try to set our young trees in a new location. A vacant space in an apple orchard might be filled by two dwarf pear, plum or peach, as they would not come just where the other tree had stood, and being of another species would not have the same diseases and same insects as troubled the old trees.

## Vegetables in Boston Markets.

The vegetable trade is fairly good for the season. Some products are becoming a little more plenty and prices decline, while others hold firm as yet. Old beets are 75 cents a bushel, and carrots the same. New beets \$1.50 to \$1.75 a dozen bunches. Turnips are \$1.25 to \$1.50 a bushel, flat turnips 35 to 40 cents a box, and some new navvies have been brought in that sold for \$1.50 a dozen. Yellow turnips, St. Andrews, \$1.25 to \$1.50 a barrel. Sound native onions \$3.50 a barrel, Havana \$1 to \$1.50 a crate, and

likely to result in thorough work. He says the outlay was small compared to the percentage of clean fruit obtained. He advises the use of a brass pump, or one in which all parts that come in contact with the liquid are of brass, as the liquid corrodes iron so that it will be worthless after one or two years use.

Those Canadians who want all the trade they can get from England are now planning to send peaches in boxes of four or five peaches in a box, or in larger boxes parted like our egg case, and they expect to get about 50 cents each for handsome peaches in London. At least, they sold readily at that price last year, and the demand exceeded the supply. Peaches are not successfully grown in England and in sheltered localities, where they are trained to the wall. The United States should be able to supply this demand as well as Canada.

We notice that many of the professional horticulturists and nurserymen, when they have opportunity at a public meeting, continue to urge the importance of destroying the San Jose scale by fumigating the trees with hydrocyanic acid, or cutting down and burning all infected trees, and entirely ignore the statement of Prof. John H. Smith that he has found painting or spraying the tree in winter with crede petroleum has killed the scale even on badly infected trees, without injury to the tree, whether it was apple, pear, peach, plum or cherry. Why is this? Have they not confidence in Prof. Smith's statement, or do the professionals desire the job of fumigating, and the nurserymen hope to sell more trees in place of those that may be destroyed? We have our opinion, but will not express it until we learn more about the results of the petroleum test in other hands, when, being wiser, we shall either be sure we are right, or learn that we are wrong. In the meantime we wish to hear from those who have had the scale on their trees and tried petroleum the past winter.

Potatoes are in liberal supply, but there is a fair demand, and probably bottom prices are reached on old ones. Aroostook Rose bring 40 cents, Hebron 43 to 45 cents. Dakota Red 38 to 40 cents. Green Mountain 45 to 48 cents. Houlton Green Mountain 45 to 50 cents, with some from northern New York and Vermont at 43 to 45 cents. Maine and New Hampshire Hebron 40 cents, and York State Ruralia 40 to 45 cents. There is a fair supply of sweet potatoes from North Carolina at \$3 to \$3.50 a barrel crate.

The prohibition of the importation of cattle from South America has caused consternation among shippers and butchers at Glasgow. The price of cattle and sheep have advanced to the highest quotations since 1878. The frozen meat trade is expected to reap benefit, and it is anticipated that an attempt will be made to defeat the board of agriculture's decree by shipping Argentine cattle to Antwerp for slaughter and transhipment to England.

—April exports of breadstuffs have been large, both wheat and corn surpassing last year's record. Wheat, 1,000,000 bushels, 1,000,000 bushels of oats, 1,143,000 bushels of rye and 1,196,000 bushels of barley. Compared with the previous week this shows a decrease of 2,646,000 bushels of wheat, 3,780,000 bushels of oats, 1,099,000 bushels of rye and 1,177,000 bushels of barley, with an increase of 96,000 bushels of barley. One year ago the exports were 27,466,000 bushels of wheat, 33,650,000 bushels of oats, 916,000 bushels of rye and 1,604,000 bushels of barley.

—Exports from New York of cheese last week were 31,788 boxes, including 7,658 boxes to Liverpool, 4,100 boxes to Southampton, 4,040 boxes to London, 2,691 boxes to Bristol, 300 boxes to Hull, 700 boxes to Manchester, 2,094 boxes to Glasgow and 310 boxes to Leith and Dundee. Of butter they sent 790 tubs to Liverpool and 100 tubs to Glasgow.

—The receipts of onions, according to statement compiled by the Fruit Buyers' Union, have been for the past week since March 24 to April 25, 60,000 crates of Bermudas and 1,100 bags of Egyptians, against 126,000 crates of Bermudas and 15,800 bags of Egyptian onions for same time last year.

—The exports of live animals and dressed meat last week included 2,643 cattle, 1,200 sheep, 7,750 quarters of beef from Boston; 1,388 cattle, 1,228 sheep, 1,180 quarters of beef from New York; 1,506 cattle, 1,004 quarters of beef from Philadelphia; 742 cattle, 180 sheep from Portland, a total of 5,974 cattle, 2,508 sheep, 28,880 quarters of beef from all ports; 2,887 cattle, 2,888 sheep, 16,914 quarters of beef went to Liverpool; 2,056 cattle, 510 sheep to Glasgow; 384 cattle to London; 2,01 cattle, 180 sheep to Glasgow; 180 cattle to Hull; 1780 quarters of beef to Southampton, and 51 cattle, 70 sheep to West Indies and 100 tubs to Glasgow.

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—The exports from the port of Boston for the week ending May 5, 1900, included 53,276 barrels of flour, 1,000,000 bushels of wheat from five countries, and 8,869,000 bushels of corn from four countries. Of the United States' share, 4,587,000 bushels of wheat and 8,411,000 bushels of corn.

Lamb are firmer, mutton steady, veal easy, springers \$2 to \$6, fall lambs \$1½ to 11½ cents, Brighton and eastern 10 to 12 cents, fancy and choice lambs are 12 to 18 cents. About 20,000 lambs went into cold storage, and there are now 75,000 cases, against 45,000 cases last year at this time.

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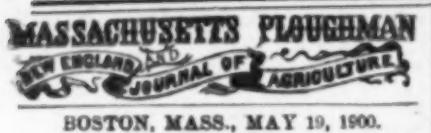
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BOSTON, MASS., MAY 19, 1900.

Bernhardt and Coquelin at the Boston Theatre, Nov. 19! Something, certainly, worth looking forward to when summer's heat dejects one.

Dr. Hale declares that nearly everything in Boston today is a monument to Franklin. Pretty sweeping this, but it's not fair, after all, from being true.

Mayer Champin is to be commended for his decision to enforce the curfew law. Nine o'clock is quite late enough for young America and his sister to be out of nights.

And with all that advertising the Topeka Capital only earned \$3000 during its "christian" week! Another proof that Rev. C. M. Sheldon has still much to learn of journalism.

The May Harper's has risen to its old price and has outdone itself in brilliancy. Of course the intelligent reading public is willing to pay thirty-five cents for a magazine like that.

The scholar who has just discovered that "What the Dickens" occurs in Shakspere should make very many slangy young people forever grateful. F. r. of course, any Shakesperian "goes."

Chicago now proposes to use its dining cars on through trains as chapels each Sunday. Here services will be held soon after the morning meal. This idea must have been inspired by the ecumenical council.

The "Absent-Minded Beggar" has now produced for the war fund \$485,000, or \$10,000 a line. And even this does not include what Mrs. Lansbury's "Pay, Pay, Pay," wrung from a Boston audience on Friday afternoon!

Sargent and Abbey, Americans both, are the heroes of the Royal Academy exhibition in London. Of the former's picture the Times says that it is the "greatest painting in years." Very good, indeed, this, for the son of a Boston physician!

Richard Le Gallienne calls Rudyard Kipling "the laureate of muscular domination." As yet Kipling has not "sassed back," though he undoubtedly could if he wished to. If he were merely to dub Le Gallienne the "Golden Girl man" he wouldn't be far afraid.

The American pavilion at the Paris Exposition was yesterday formally turned over to Commissioner-General Peck by the Boston architect, Mr. Charles A. Coolidge, who designed the building and has personally supervised its construction. Of course it's a highly artistic creation.

The coming to Boston of the two new Canarders, the Ivernia and the Saxonia, should give renewed momentum to the movement which looks to our harbor improvement. It is quite time Boston should be restored to her true position as the leading port for European passenger traffic.

Mark Twain's London speech on his political aspirations is too funny to be overlooked. "I am on my way to my own country," this inimitable humorist announced, "to run for the presidency, because there are not yet enough candidates in the field. I am in favor of everything and anything,—of temperance and intemperance, morality and immorality, gold standard and free silver. I have no prejudices (another name for principles) in politics, religion, literature or anything else."

After two warm rains in this section vegetation hereabouts is growing, as the saying is, "by leaps and bounds." The plump and pruned trees in the city where on the sunny side of buildings have been in bloom several days, and the same is true of peach trees and some of the pear and apple trees. There is much heat radiated from buildings in the suburbs of a large city, which makes all trees blossom earlier than in the country, though even there the south and west sides of a building are the warmest places. Most of our cold storms that sweep near the coast from the east. They feel colder than they are, but do not often bring frost unless icebergs break loose early and drift down from Newfoundland past our New England coast. This usually happens later in the season than now.

May is the time for preparing corn land for planting. Most farmers are in a hurry to get their corn into the ground, and plant when a few warm days come, thinking thus to advance the crop. All this work should have been done in April, and if done on fall-plowed sod with only light cultivation in spring, the seed bed is the best for corn that could be desired, except that when marking out the marker teeth are liable to go in too deeply and make the plant slow to come up. Out West, where the fierce winds blow the soil away from the surfaces and uncover the grain planted, farmers practice what they call "listening" their corn, which means to plow it in with a light plow to a depth of four or five inches. Such practice will never succeed in New England, and this section grows much larger corn crops per acre than do the Western States, where putting corn in with the lister is generally practised.

Will there never be an end of the doubts which modern scientists cast over well-established historic facts. It is known that 124 years ago Gen. George Washington took command of the American armies on his election to that office to which he was nominated by John Adams, the sturdy old Revolutionary patriot. It was a graceful concession from Massachusetts to Virginia, and was recognized as such at the time. Tradition has long held that Washington took the command under or near the tree on Harvard square which now bears a tablet announcing the fact. Now comes a Harvard professor. He knows personally nothing of the matter, but after the manner of all the pessimistic and doubting crowd, and smears the story with an expression of his doubts, as if it were or could be an evil to believe that taking the oath occurred under the tree, when everybody, even the doubter, agrees that it was somewhere near that historic spot. We believe it was the spot, and that the memorial has been duly placed.

The early weaning of spring-dropped pigs is important to the swine grower, both for the advantage of the pigs and to keep the sow in good condition for breeding again. Often the sows became so pulled down by

a large litter pulling at their teats that they almost become too poor to breed well. They will breed as soon as the pigs are weaned, and will then soon, unless very poorly fed, become too fat to produce the best pigs, especially if their feed is potatoes and other roots. Corn will fatten the sow at the expense of her young. There are always too many runts in the litter of a sow which is mainly fed on corn. Wheat bran or middlings with some milk is a much better feed. This ration contains the bone and muscle-forming elements of nutrition. A young sow should especially have milk, as she has while breeding to supply the wants of the litter she is carrying, and to make some growth herself. An old sow does not have this double drain on her system. She produces large litters with few runts, and should be kept as a breeder until she becomes too mischievous or unruly to be safely managed.

When tender vegetation freezes the first effect is to cause the leaves to shrivel and bunch closer together, as if in this way to keep themselves warmer, just as people do. Nor is the comparison inapt if carried further, for as the blood courses through the veins to keep the body warm, so does the sap in the inner bark of the tree warm all the remotest parts to some extent. So long as most trees have their root unfrozen they will not be killed outright. Though the cold weather may destroy all vegetable life above ground, the root will send up a new sprout to make a second tree where the old one has died out. All vegetation, and especially that growing very rapidly, closes its leaves as night approaches. Nature puts them to sleep in this way, and in part double to protect them from the greater cold at this time. Yet on warm nights in July and August vegetation grows faster than it does in the daytime. Farmers often say that corn on well-manured land grows so fast that they can see it progress day by day. In fall, on the contrary, grass and winter grain become each day smaller until the ground seems bare almost, where warm weather was a vigorous growth.

The street parades remind the members of the "Young Men's Whig Club" of the forties, which consisted of about a thousand members, and paraded on important political occasions at the time, as there was not any other to perform the duty, and the Democratic party did not care to be too numerous, as they had the offices of the general Government. Among other gatherings the club turned out with its band to escort Judge Swayne on his return from the Baltimore convention to report to his constituents at Faneuil Hall, where the Hon. Daniel Webster addressed them. The president of the club was Charles Francis Adams, with several vice presidents, who were absent on this occasion. The chief marshal was generally selected from the Boston Light Infantry, and William Dohon, who succeeded Hon. R. C. Winthrop, was the captain and selected his assistants from the members. After the exercises at the hall the officers of the club, with their invited guests, were entertained at the Pemberton House, an old family mansion situated on Howard street, where the Howard Atheneum now stands. The Hon. Josiah Quincy was there, with other distinguished gentlemen. After the cigars were lighted and the exercises about to close, a young student from Michigan, at Harvard, was introduced from the lower end of the table as Alanson Burlingame, who was afterwards a law partner with a son of Governor Briggs, and who was instrumental in building up the grand old party that we have heard a great deal of in these latter days. The turn of those days were confined to the labor and military organizations, as there were no other nationalities except our own mentioned.

**Imperial Federation.**  
Twelve years ago Lord Rosebery said, "Imperial federation is a cause for which we may be content to live; it is a cause for which (if need be) we may be content to die." Little probably did he then think, little probably did the British colonies themselves then, that in the comparatively near future a tremendous impetus would be given towards the realization of this stupendous plan, and that, in the dawn of a new century, England would admit that it was the question of her immediate future. Imperial federation did not originate in the brilliant Liberal ex-premier, although Lord Rosebery has been for a long time an earnest believer in and advocate of a plan whereby the various colonies might be represented in Westminster and have their share in legislating for the world-wide British Empire. Imperial federation has been the talk of statesmen for fully twenty-five years. It has been ridiculed and condemned by some and regarded with doubtful favor by others; but the idea has steadily grown, and is now a mighty force which must soon be reckoned with. Sir John A. Macdonald of Canada, who died in 1891, and Sir Henry Parkes of Australia, who passed away in 1896, were strongly in favor of imperial federation, and the third British Empire builder, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, is one of the ablest advocates of this great movement. "Imperial federation has," says Mr. John Redmond, "been brought within the region of practical politics by the war in South Africa, and by the action of the colonies."

"Call us to your counsels," says Sir Wilfrid Laurier, speaking for Canada to the mother country, and heartily approving of the South African war which he regards as a just and righteous war on the part of England. From Australia and New Zealand comes the endorsement of Lord Salisbury's declaration concerning the future of the Boer Republic, and it is a significant fact that, if any foreign power chooses to join hands with the Boers against England, the Australasian colonies alone can put into the field 370,000 men to assist in upholding British supremacy. When the South African war began, and it was thought the task of subduing the Boers would be speedily accomplished, the colonies willingly and cheerfully gave their sons for service, and when England met with unexpected and heavy reverses, more men followed, and there are now fully thirty thousand "colonials" fighting side by side with British troops in this fierce and unhappy conflict.

Now Zuland, speaking through her governor and premier, has told the whole world that she will support the mother country in the last in resisting interference from any European power. Truly, in sentiment the federation of the British empire is complete, but more than sentiment is needed. Imperial federation is the biggest problem with which the British race has ever had to grapple. It must soon be faced in something more than an academic spirit, and it is extremely

probable that, at the close of the South African war, another and a larger imperial conference will be held, at which imperial federation may take a practical form.

#### Conversation.

It is rather singular that while books, magazines and newspapers tell us what we should read, and are full of information upon the subjects of food, drink, clothing and even breathing, they do not tell us how we should talk or what we should talk about. "Reading makes a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man," is a familiar quotation from Bacon. It has been well said that the high style of conversation, where eloquence and philosophy rivaled each other and principles were deeply expounded and happily illustrated, ceased in England with Johnson and Burke.

To be a really good talker is indeed a rare gift. To converse well you must possess in an equal degree the habit of communicating and the habit of listening, and remember that it is not enough to exchange ideas and facts. You must also exchange sympathies and be interested in what you are talking about. And take care not to be the tyrant of conversation, much less the bore, who (as a professor once observed) "is someone who insists upon talking about himself when I want to talk about myself."

Now, while it is impossible to lay down hard and fixed rules of conversation, as so much must be left to discretion, it may be broadly asserted that there can be no real conversation between persons who are not about on the same level, and that these two old precepts should be entirely exploded, that is very bad manners to talk about ourselves, and that we should not talk about persons. Lovers never bore each other because they always talk about themselves, and it is indecent that, if you wish to interest, you must talk about yourself, and, if you wish to be interested, you must get other people to talk about themselves.

For in conversation there is or should be "a give and take." Pray what on earth should men and women talk about if not men and women? Surely the proper study of mankind is man" and his most delightful study is woman. The ease and perfection of talk is always between man and woman, for it does not require so much play of thought and manner as male conversation, which even among the most refined and highly educated is of coarser grain. Women are better listeners than men, and can best lead the talk into the right channel. Talk between people who talk for the first time has often an exciting feature which gradually disappears, and where strangers meet it is, as a rule, safe to talk to a man of what he has done or to a woman of what he is going to do.

It does not necessarily follow that those who have read most are the best talkers. A mere book man is often a poor conversationalist. It is true that education enlarges the sympathies, but it is drawn from observation as well as books, and a really good talker must necessarily have good all-round education, and be a person of stimulating character and high animal spirits. "A great thing is a great book, but greater than all is the talk of a great man."

The successful talker is one who talks of realities and brings them into vital relation with his hearers, knows how to give and take, avoids dull and insignificant topics, is sympathetic and responsive, with a keen power of finding out what other people are like and how they regard the world, an instinctive sense of individual human differences, and a quick perception, gathered from the eye and other subtle indications, of what will interest or not interest a particular person.

"There are men whose phrases are oracles, who condense in a sentence the secrets of life, who blurt out an aphorism that forms a character or illustrates an existence."

#### Exemptions from Jury Duty.

In all the States there are limitations of age beyond which no one can be called to serve on juries. These exemptions vary. In Massachusetts the age for exemption is 65, and it varies in other States from 60 to 70 years of age. In this State the burden of jury service has been lessened by exempting one who has served on jury from any further call for three years thereafter. This gives the opportunity for jury service to a larger number, and as it is broadening to men's experience and knowledge of human nature that in itself is a good thing.

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#### Champion of the "Old Maid."

We salute Mrs. Sangster, the champion of the "old maid." While there have been many who, in their heart of hearts, felt that as an unattached person who in an emergency might be called upon to take the helm in the family by any one in need, the "old maid" was and is simply worth her weight in gold, few women who write have ever exposed the cause of this abused personage so strenuously yet so sweetly as does Mrs. Margaret Sangster in the current Ladies' Home Journal. "I like the term 'old maid,'" she says, "because it is a jolly word, and it is true that education enlarges the sympathies, but it is drawn from observation as well as books, and a really good talker must necessarily have good all-round education, and be a person of stimulating character and high animal spirits. "A great thing is a great book, but greater than all is the talk of a great man."

The "old maid" is, however, well—just that. Just a woman who, though grown old, has retained her girlish ideals; just a woman who believes with all her heart that life contains poetry and romance, even though such good gifts may not have fallen to her share. The "old maid" may, as Mrs. Sangster admits, have her little ways and be devoutly thankful, not one is privileged to interfere with them. But, for all this, it is altogether probable that she will often take very great pains for the sake of being kind to some tiresome old person, or helping some querulous invalid whom chance has cast friendless into her path of life.

Of all the jokes for which the vulgar comic press is responsible, that which has the "old maid" for its butt seems to us most heartless as well as most inane. It is appallingly easy to say unkind things of the old and unattached woman whom we all encounter as we go through life, and even good natured folk are wont to account for this, that and the other vagary by remarking that the eccentric woman concerned is an "old maid." Cannot we all, indeed, recall instances in which the woman whose devoted husband and loving children should make her particularly tender of those less fortunate has been among the first to raise to her share. The "old maid" may, as Mrs. Sangster admits, have her little ways and be devoutly thankful, not one is privileged to interfere with them. But, for all this, it is altogether probable that she will often take very great pains for the sake of being kind to some tiresome old person, or helping some querulous invalid whom chance has cast friendless into her path of life.

It is more such women as Mary Wilkins and Alice Brown, age, and Mrs. Sangster, who are needed to stamp out this tendency to regard "old maid" as proper subjects for general crucifixion. Miss Wilkins has strongly shown us the pathetic and the tragic side of lonely New England women, and Miss Brown has convincingly drawn for us their sad, unfruitful love affairs.

And now comes Mrs. Sangster to warmly defend them, and clearly tell us that of all the women in our circle of acquaintances the "old maid" is in nine cases out of ten the most widely useful and the most scantly appreciated.

#### Who Has the Most to Do?

Houswives will appreciate a Russian story told by Count Leo Tolstoi. It relates that a Russian peasant and his wife, after an earnest discussion of the question which of them had the more and harder work to do, agreed to exchange tasks for a day. The woman went to the field to plow, and the man stayed at home to do the housework.

"Now, mind," said the wife, as she started out, "turn the cows and the sheep out to pasture at just the right time, and feed the little chickens, and look out that they don't wander, and have the dinner ready when I come back; mix up some pancakes and fry them, and don't forget to churn the butter. But above all don't forget to beat the millet."

The peasant had so much trouble in

getting the cattle and sheep out that it was late when he thought of the chickens, and in order that the little chickens might not wander, he tied them all together by the legs with a string, and then fastened the string to the old hen's leg.

He had noticed that while his wife was beating the millet she often kneaded her pastry at the same time. So he went to work to do these things together, and as he had to shake himself a great deal to do it, he saw an excellent chance to get the butter churned at the same time by tying the cream jar to his old hen's leg.

"By the time the millet is pounded," he said, "the butter will have come."

He had hardly begun this triple task, when he heard the old hen squawking and the chickens peeping. He started on a run to see what was the matter, but tripped on the edge of a flagstone, fell, and broke the cream jar to pieces.

In the yard he found that a prodigious hawk had seized one of the chickens and was flying off with it; and as the chickens and their mother were all tied on one string, they hung together and the hawk flew away with them all.

In his confusion the peasant left the yard gate open and the pig came in, tipped over the bread tray and spilled the batter, which the animal then immediately began to devour. While the peasant was looking on in astonishment, another pig came in and began rooting amongst the millet.

Then, while the peasant was clearing things up as well as he could, the fire went out. He had not succeeded in kindling it when his wife entered the yard with the horse.

"Why," she said, "where are the chickens?"

"A hawk carried them off. I had tied them together, so they wouldn't wander away, and the hawk carried off the whole lot."

"Well, is dinner ready?"

"Dinner? How could I have dinner when there isn't any fire?"

"Did you churn the butter?"

"No; I was churning it, but I fell and dropped the jar and broke it, and the dog ate up the cream."

"But what is all this butter that I see on the floor?"

"Those miserable pigs did that!"

"Well, you have had a hard time!" said the wife.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed the husband, bitterly, "you've had only one single thing to do, while as for me I've had everything to do all at the same time—set the fire again, take care of the children, and go to work."

"Well," said she, "that's what I do every day. Now, I guess you'll admit that a woman has something to do." Youth's Companion.

#### Butter Market.

There may be said to have been a slight advance in the best grades of butter nearly a week ago, and since then this price seems to be kept up, although the receipts of the week exceeded a million pounds, or was more than the average weekly consumption. But much went into cold storage as fast as it was received. This buying so early for cold storage seems to indicate a belief in higher prices in June, as they have never before taken much April or May butter for storage. Some brands are held at 21 cents, but 20 cents may be called full price for fresh creamery, while Northern, Eastern or Western in tubs, and 20 to 21 cents for boxes and prints. Some tubs extra sold at 20 cents, firsts at 19 to 19 1/2 cents, and seconds at 17 to 18 cents. Dairy butter sold at 18 cents for extra, and 16 to 17 cents for firsts, with low grades at 15 to 16 cents. Limitations sell slowly at 16 cents for best and 15 cents for seconds. Ladies nominally 15 to 16 cents with small demand. Some call for remanufacture at 16 to 17 cents.

The receipts of butter for the week were 10,455 tubs and 42,153 boxes, a total weight of 101,005,310 pounds,





## POETRY.

(Original).

IF I MAY SERVE THEE, DEAR, I ASK:  
If I may serve thee, dear, I ask,  
No greater joy on earth;  
Did me to do some arduous task,  
That I may prove my worth!

If I may serve thee, dear, enough  
For me the pleasure's thrill,  
Of sweeting places that are rough  
Upon the rugged hill!

If I may serve thee, dear, may bear  
T'wll light on all the weight of care,  
That I have borne alone!

If I may serve thee then only thee,  
With loving act and thought;  
Thee will life's painful mystery  
And hardship be as anguish!

ARTHUR E. LOCKE.

BRIGHTON.

## THIS HANDICAP.

He wove her when both were poor, 'twas  
Then he won her, too;  
She served him when the days were drear, and  
Sailed to him through;  
She taught him things from books that he had  
Failed to learn in youth.  
She got him to avoid the use of words that were  
Enough;  
She took her jewel in the rough, she polished day  
By day.  
And with a woman's patience ground the worth-  
less parts away.  
She turned him from a stupid clown to one whose  
man was proud.  
She planted in his heart the wish to rise above  
the crowd;  
She planned the things he undertook, she urged  
him on to try,  
She gave him confidence to look for splendid  
things and high;  
She to the children that he loved, and toiled  
for them and him.  
And often knelt beside her bed with aching eyes  
And dim.

She cheered him when the days were dark, and  
when the skies were bright  
She saw him rise above the crowd, and reach a  
noble height;  
Her brow is marked by many a line; she's bent  
and wan and old.  
He has a bearing that is fine, a form of noble  
mould;  
And prone to say "Poor man, alas! He's grown  
beyond his wife;"  
He has that such a load should be attached to  
him for life."

—Chicago Times-Herald.

## SPRING'S SONG.

Make you, mother April,  
When the sap begins to stir!  
When thy flower hand delivers  
All the mountain-prisoned rivers,  
And thy great heart beats and quivers  
To revive the days that were;  
Make me over, mother April,  
When the sap begins to stir.

Take my dust and all my dreams,  
Count my heart beats one by one;  
Send them where the winters perish;  
Then some golden noon rechristen  
And restore them in the sun,  
Flower and sun and dust and dreaming,  
With their heart beats every one!

Set me in the urge and tide-drift  
Of streamings hosts a-wing!  
Breast of sash, throat of yellow,  
Bent on challenge, wooling mellow—  
Every migrant in my fellow,  
Making northward with the spring.  
Lure me in the urge and tide-drift  
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!

—Songs from Vagabondia.

## A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

Gentle and brave amid the ranks he rode,  
And left the steed beneath him proud and true;  
Gentle and brave the steed beneath him strode,  
And left "My master's hand will guide me  
through."

Hour on hour, through dying and through  
dead,  
And lashed by rains from heaven, and hell from  
hell,  
From mire to mire, uncleaned alike, they sped,  
But at the close of day the charger fell.

He saw the shattered limb, the heaving breast,  
And kiss entreating aid he could not lend  
With kiss on kiss the velvet nozzle pressed,  
And longed, yet loathed, his agony to end.

And heedless for a while how trumpet blared,  
O'ercloud him with the flood of fiery zone,  
Whose hot day the battle's worst had dared,  
Whose dard not brave the bivouac alone.

Then in one sob a fond farewell he spoke,  
The bated breath with hand reluctant drew.

O dear dumb friends! O patient of our yoke!  
These many's heart ye know not robes for  
you.

—James Rhoades : London Daily News.

## SING ONCE AGAIN.

Sing once again! Did love or grief, my own,  
The body to sing? or bliss unbolted  
The spirit pure in fancies fair unfold?  
Yet oft my music strikes a minor tone.

Sing once again, in thrilling tones of love,  
The song that haunts my spirit's sweetest  
dreams;  
Again by radiant beams o'er me gleams;  
An angel dost thou seem from heights above.

Sing once again! My weary heart and brain,  
Refrained, respond to strains so wondrous  
sweet;  
All thought of earth is lost; the moments fleet  
Unheeded pass, and grief's undying pain.

I turned to silence: Sweet, upon thy brow,  
Mistlike a hair shines, as far away  
My music echoes! Longer, love, I pray;  
My raptured heart has found an Eden now!

—Marchia A. Kiddar, in New York Home Journal.

## IN THE HOLLOW.

Down in the hollow, where lately lay the snow,  
Sleeping till the bitter winds have all forgot to  
blow,  
Waking with the day down, when the bud is on  
the thorn.  
Laughing softly to herself for joy that she is born,  
There I found arbutus, pink and sweet and shy,  
And with it found the child I was in happy years  
ago by.  
For the hand that holds arbutus is a child's hand  
to the end,  
And where she knows the darling flower knows  
And loves a friend.

—Margaret H. Gangster, in Harper's.

## GOD KNOWETH YOUNG HEARTS.

The inward work and work  
Of any mind, what other mind may judge  
Have God, who only knows the things He made,  
The variable service He exacts?

It is the outward product men appraise.

—Robert B. S. Bailey.

## THERE IS A CHANCE FOR SOMEDAY.

To spend his days in clover  
By inventing cloth for overcoats  
That will fade alike all over.

—Chicago News.

Why cry for the moon, my was baby?  
Is there, then, of toys such a dearth?  
Why, child, you want more than your daddy  
For he only asks for the earth.

—Detroit Free Press.

## An Avenging Rescue.

The Story of a Marvellous Stampede in a Mexican Valley.

In those good old days when the Apache was yet lord of the Mexican Sierra Madre, I was a commissary clerk in a grading outfit that was engaged in building a railroad in the State of Chihuahua. While this place was one that gave me constant opportunity for the study of mummies, there, having been three hundred miles in the place, it was not one calculated to make me familiar with Indian nature, a grader's camp being no place for a woman; nevertheless, it was so employed that my personal observation brought me to the conclusion that there was no creature more whimsical than a woman, unless it was a mule.

Chihuahua was a wild bit of country in those days, an uninhabited desert, of bare mountains and hills, and waterless valleys and plains for the greater part; as for that matter, it is still so, but the Apaches are not there now, and Apaches are well, there, nothing with which to compare an Apache, unless to the devil, of whose character we have only a hearsay knowledge.

The mules that we took were plain, everyday mules, sometimes sound and tractable, at other times fidgety and stubborn, with energetic kickers and a will to bite.

She taught him things from books that he had failed to learn in youth.

She got him to avoid the use of words that were enough;

She took her jewel in the rough, she polished day

By day.

And with a woman's patience ground the worth-

less parts away.

She turned him from a stupid clown to one whose man was proud.

She planted in his heart the wish to rise above

the crowd;

She planned the things he undertook, she urged

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She gave him confidence to look for splendid

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She to the children that he loved, and toiled

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And often knelt beside her bed with aching eyes

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She cheered him when the days were dark, and

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She saw him rise above the crowd, and reach a

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Her brow is marked by many a line; she's bent

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He has a bearing that is fine, a form of noble

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beyond his wife;"

He has that such a load should be attached to

him for life."

—Chicago Times-Herald.

ing a wide detour to avoid the Apaches who were following as fast as their legs could carry them, the entire herd came galloping in.

Yelling with rage and disappointment the Apaches turned to go back to the mountains, when a white man rode out from the rocks before them, and started across the valley toward camp. By his horse which we recognized we knew him to be Bill Smith. The Apaches opened their course so as to avoid him, and changing his course to the right, as they saw him, and changing his course to the left, as they saw him, and though he had got safely out of range when the animal suddenly went down, falling on Bill, stunning and pinning him to the ground. Instantly a yell of exultation went up from the Apaches, and they dashed toward him, racing with one another for his scalp. While the men occasionally killed one of their number themselves, it was quite another thing to see one butchered by the Apaches, and they groaned with horror, for they could do nothing but stand idly looking on.

Bill had run out of the tent with his mules, and was standing near us when Bill went down, in the excitement of that moment I lost sight of him, and when I saw him again he had leaped aside the old gray mare and, digging his heels in her flanks, started at a furious gallop toward the Apaches. At this another group went up, for it seemed that the boy was only riding to his death. A moment later we saw three hundred pairs of long ears cocked toward the old gray, three hundred shaved tails flew upward, and the ground quivered beneath the pounding of twelve hundred hoofs as the mules dashed away after their leader. In the crowd, however, it was not the mules that most belligerent.

What a howl of delight went up from the men when they saw through Kid's design. The Apaches heard it, and looking behind them saw their peril. As one man they halted and fled into the mules, then scattered on the run, the greater number making for the mountains, the others still holding their course toward Bill; his seal was too great a prize to be lightly given up. Stripped out flat on the old gray's back, he rode right through the Apaches, and finally dropped his rifle right behind them, and then he was one who was wilder or rougher than any one who was named "Bill Smith." Physically he was a giant, and he was an ideal hero, but morally he was a weakling, and his great strength, in connection with extraordinary quickness in drawing his gun, giving him unlimited confidence in his own strength, and inspiring his comrades with fear of him. In his hand he held the gun that most belligerent.

We saw this while running across the valley, for the moment we understood what Kid was doing every man in camp started at the top of his speed for Bill. Those of us that went to where Kid lay found him insensible and bleeding, his coat torn and his shirt rent, and his coat and his shorts, bloodied face. He was a quiet fellow of about nineteen years, given to blushing when roughly spoken to, and was as shy and timid as a girl; naturally he associated very little with the other men, and distinguishing him because of this, they called him "Kid."

Bill soon recovered sufficiently to ride the old gray back to camp, but we had to carry Kid, and never was baby held with tender care by a mother. When she regained consciousness she sent away all but the "boss" and me, and told us all about herself. Her right name was Luisa Montez. She was born and reared on a ranch back in the mountains, where the Apaches had killed her parents. Without friends or relatives, she had to earn her living in laundries. Women are not supposed to do anything of the kind, she wandered up to Paseo del Norte, and was almost starved when it occurred to her to pass herself off as a man, and she was given a job in our outfit.

When we left her Bill went in and had a long talk. What passed between them we never knew, but he immediately took charge of her, and, as carefully as a woman could have done, nursed her until she was sound and well again; and the next thing anybody knew took him, unwilling, to his master.

Anybody who a bully would have let that end the incident, but Bill seemed unable to forget his sealed hand, and never tired of badgering the timid cook. Kid avoided him as much as possible, but could not escape him at meal times, when would pour from him a perfect torrent of abuse. Watching Kid at these times I would say that his eyes, usually soft and shy, would fairly blare with venomous hatred, and, as I once started, somebody else would get hurt. Kid wisely made no protest, but lay still and covered his flinching face with his hands, and after a while Bill put up his gun and went back to the table.

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## THE HORSE.

**The Trotting-Bred Trooper.**  
Just now the foreign buyers of cavalry horses are very much in evidence in the American markets, but they do not seek to buy the lines of imported blood that have been so diligently boomed for the improvement of the American horse other than draught.

Your issue of April 12 contained an item from that reputable English paper, "Land and Water," that reflected the views of an English buyer at home of troopers, and gives an idea how great the supply is for cavalry purposes in England, and the same can be said of other parts of the United Kingdom and on the continent outside of Russia and Austria.

The highest military authorities have with the revision of "Mounted Tactics" adapted to the conditions of modern war made the trooper as important a soldier as ever; consequently with the vast armies that the great nations must have, there is nothing of more importance than the supply and the maintenance of mounted troops to the others.

While prices and the transportation facilities have been an inducement to investigate the merits of the American-bred horse for cavalry purposes, there are other points that have caused his appreciation for army use. Impartial military critics of the day have pronounced our own cavalry second to none in tactics for active service and in excellence of mounts. This remarkable excellence dates from the days of the Swamp Fox and his men, who kept the British on the hustles and have continued to improve until now. In the civil war Sherman, Custer and Kilpatrick, as diamonds in diamonds, against Wheeler, Morgan and Stonewall, and when the Federal cavalry mounts equaled the Confederate in excellence then the war soon ended, as the mounted soldier must have the qualities of a war horse in his mount or he is not efficient.

There is no class of horses that have more exacting requirements to fill than the cavalry horses. Foreign nations have for centuries depended on the thoroughbred of the hunter type to produce their best hunting stables of the right stamp, all expecting to race, and their get with these qualities are too valuable to be troop horses. Therefore they must seek elsewhere for stock that possesses these thoroughbred characteristics.

The qualities so requisite in a troop horse of soundness, not only in constitution, but also in conformation, with the essential action and ability to carry weight, and last, but not least, the courage and intelligent temperament are not hard to find when the horse is bred in lines of American trotting blood. They have all the characteristics of the "blood," with the practical merit of substance and stamina and a better balanced nervous system for discipline.

The significant fact that the trotter is the potent factor in making our light and middle-weight horses popular for export and now in line for cavalry purposes should convince those who doubt that the trotting-bred animal has more utility and can fill more places than any other breed. Their intrinsic merit for practical purposes, independent of their racing, has been recognized and widely known as the trademark of an American-bred horse, and the trotting-bred trooper has no equal and but few superiors as a war horse at present.

S. S. DOUGHERTY.

## Worcester Notes.

An old-time horseman applied to me to see if I could not get him into any men's home, his relatives having left him home. I referred him to a man who had been a tax collector in this city for years. Upon application it was found that a person so applying must be of the elite, and when it was found that this man was an old-time trooper he hummed and hawed and said, "Well, you know—it is all very well, you know—but then a man has got to belong to the church, or some faith or creed, and of course Mr. Blank is all very well, but then he has none of these qualifications, and so we shall have to decline to receive him."

So it is with these charitable institutions. Take the Missions, for instance. Female virtue is often in rags, may knock and knock in vain at the door of one of these institutions, and may starve on the threshold, and yet cannot gain entrance. They must sin in order to be admitted.

These great institutions of our great cities, what are they asylums for. Why, the elect and none else. They are bound by iron-clad rules which admit the dissenter under the cloak of religion and virtue. How different our Saviour's teaching, he whose mission it was to save sinners, even though they had been born in hellishness.

What a cold and rainy spring! The weather has delayed work on the new track, but with a few good days it will be ready to work over, and soon the tread of the trotter will be heard on the turf there. "Many years ago, when I was young and charming," Little Buttercup used to sing, on a good old stock farm I whistled away many a day. One of our nearest neighbors was a clergyman of the Baptist persuasion who loved a horse. During one of the minister's visits to a conference in a neighboring State he bought a horse, and it was a trotter, too. He brought the animal home, and he sold both them all on the same day.

When the Cattle Show was held in the fall, a purse was offered for members' gentlemen's roadsters, owners to drive, purse \$50, mile heats, two in three. Well, the reverend gentleman entered his horse. Some of his congregation, hearing of it, remonstrated and said, "Why, Minister, are you going to trot horses?" and the female part of the congregation lifted up their hands in holy horror. The good clergyman was in a quandary, and just before the class started rushed up to the judges and said, "Am I to understand that this is to be a race?"

## Horse Owners Should Use

GOMBAULT'S

## Caustic Balsam

The Great French Veterinary Remedy.

A SAFE, SPEEDY AND POSITIVE CURE.

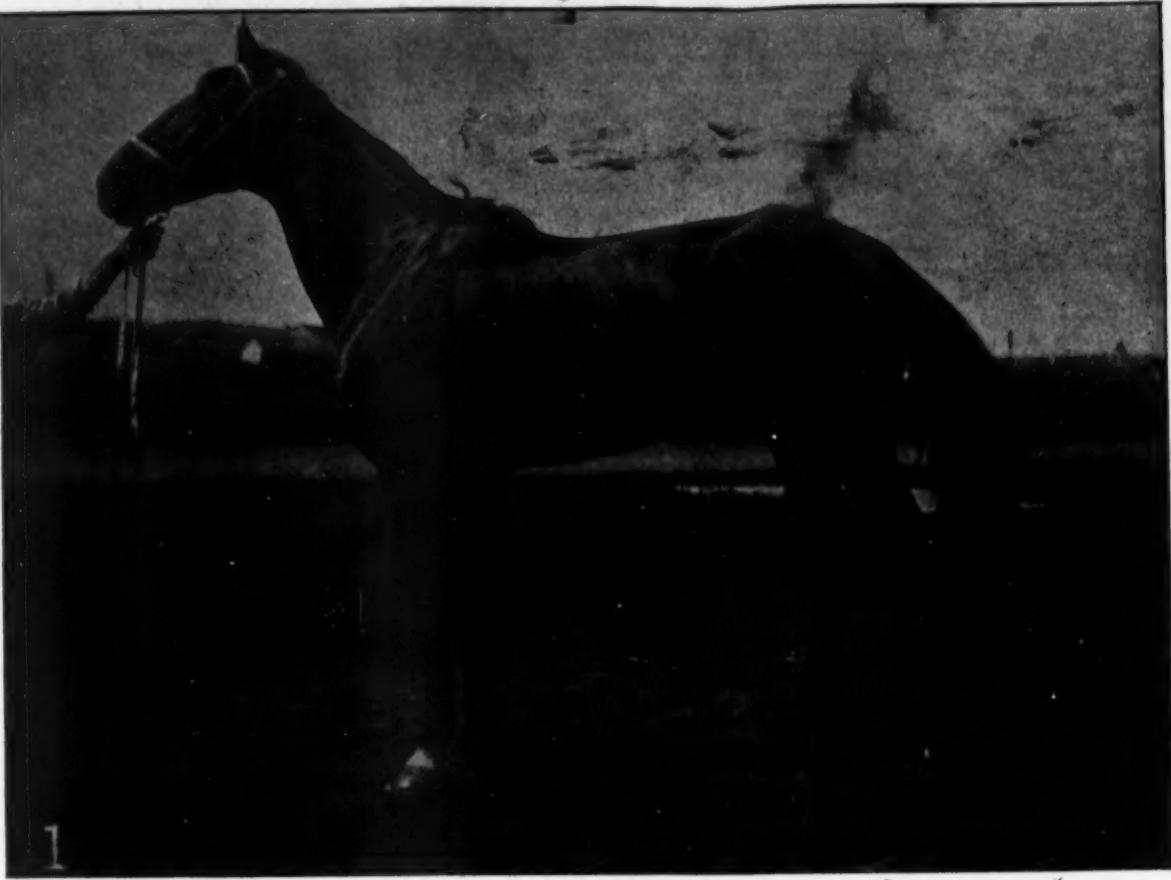
Prepared especially by J. E. Gombault, Paris, France, for the Veterinary Surgeons to the Government Stud.

**SUPERSEDES ALL CAUTERIES OR FIRING.**  
Impossible to produce any scar or blemish. The safest best Balsam ever used. Takes the place of all other remedies and cures all the common blemishes from horses or cattle.

As a HUMAN REMEDY for Rheumatism, Sprains, & other Ailments. We GUARANTEE that one tablespoonful of GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM will produce more effect than a pint of any liniment or Spanish cure mixture ever made.

Every bottle of Caustic Balsam is sold in Warren, Ohio, and is sent to all the leading horsemen by druggists, or sent by express, charged only, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circular, containing full directions.

THE LAWRENCE-WILLIAMS CO., Cleveland, Ohio.



THE CONSISTENT RACE HORSE OWYHEE, 2 11.

"Why, certainly," was the reply.  
"Well, I withdraw my horse and want my entrance money back."

"Why," said one of the judges, "what did you think your horse would have to do if not to trot?"

"Oh," replied the clergyman, "what will you say if I come to see me trotting horses?"

"What's it?"

"I'll tell you what I think."

"I'll tell you what I think. You just get into your wagon, go up and score down with the bunch, and if you win I'll gamble that the whole congregation will praise you to the skies, but if you lose you had better resign, that's all."

The good clergyman took the advice and was in two straight heats, and the congregation rewarded him with open arms.

None of the BEMERED readers should forget that four superb horses are to be offered at private sale by Michael Henry, Shrewsbury street, Worcester. These animals were the property of the late Paul J. Henry.

The horses will be sold at the great stallion race to be held at Newfield next September 1.

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